

To Find Mystery Gold Mine long Sought by Cortez

**Location of Secret Treasure
Supply of the Mayans, for
Centuries Lost to the World,
May Be Found by "Oil"
Prospecting Expedition
Financed by Mme. Porfirio
Diaz---Romance Surrounds
the Mountain of Gold
Held by Band of Renegades**



Above—Mme. Porfirio Diaz, widow of the Mexican dictator, who is to hunt for the lost mine.



At left—A pre-Aztec warrior in battle array.

At the right is a Mayan idol found on this spot, and below is another relic of the old Mayans also found here—a symbol curiously wrought by many busy hands.

gold. The ruins of these and of the gigantic cisterns necessary in that peninsula of drought sunk beneath jungles of vegetation are but now being explored. Wonderful are the discoveries now being made there of a dead and gone people.

Band of Outlaws Gets It After Secret was Revealed

Most wonderful of all these discoveries is one that leads back to the Mountain of Gold. The remnant of that ancient people, lost to all feelings of pride and honor that once were the possession of their ancestors, revealed this secret for a mess of pottage with a result that a party of outlaws was made up to hunt for the long forgotten mine. They found it.

Several generations of this original band are known to have inhabited a mysterious part of southwestern Mexico; they have partly died out and only a small band, numbering, it is said, fifty outlaws, still lives and makes a rendezvous in a beautiful valley surrounded by precipitous cliff walls in the heart of the Sierra Madre in the State of Chihuahua. This has long been known and that they are in possession of vast secret wealth.

Reports to Government officials in Mexico City made from time to time show that efforts on the part of the rural guards and Federal troops to penetrate the valley and dislodge them have always been failures.

These bandits, among whom are said to be some renegades who trace their lineage back to the ancient Mayans, use a mysterious passage leading to the valley. Prolonged search by men eager for riches and by the troops has never revealed this passage, and safe in their fastness the bandits are able to operate gold placer mines of fabulous richness.

It is known beyond cavil that they make by the use of the neighboring Tarahumara Indians as messengers shipments of gold to Chihuahua, where the metal is sold to the smelters. Only a few weeks ago a shipment valued at several thousand dollars was intercepted.

Those Who Hold the Mine A Low Crew of Ruffians

It is this mine, fabled mine of Montezuma, that the company referred to, made up of financiers of world fame both of this country and Mexico and which has been recognized by President Obregon, is in search of.

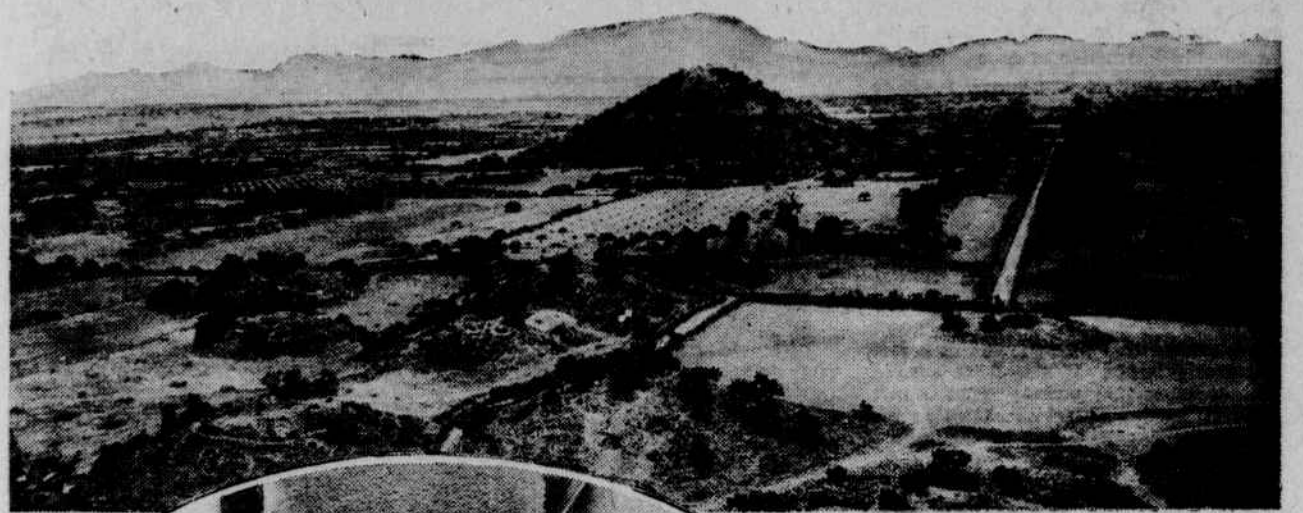
The brigands have been described by rurales who seek to guard the roads as men of the lowest type, peons, mestizos, mulattos, criminals from the jails, a low browed, swarthy-faced, ruffianly crew.

The mine is vaguely situated by this same authority as in the unexplored regions of the Sierra Madre Occidental, and the nearest town to it is Chilpancingo. The country is wild and the wilderness is of the kind that comes from barrenness of soil. The approaches to the mine are dreary in the extreme.

But, though the mountains are of basaltic rock, so dark as to look almost black, and the neighboring valleys are brown and desolate, this particular valley, which some adventurous spirits have looked down into from the heights surrounding it, is not of this character. One looks down into a green expanse, fresh and lively by contrast with the black hues of pines and heath of the mountains.

Barrancas that the natives call bits the devil has taken out of the mountain are frequent and their occurrence explains the inaccessibility of the place. When it is remembered that in a mile of railroad in Chihuahua twelve great bridges had to be built to cross similar barrancas and that the cost of laying a mile of roadway was \$1,000,000, an idea of what the Diaz company has undertaken will be had, but only an idea; the adventure itself is well nigh inconceivable.

But what they will find of the life of



The ancient "City in the Clouds" in Mexico—on mountain terraced by human hands centuries before the arrival of Cortez. It is not far from the hidden mine guarded by bandits, which may prove to be the lost treasure mountain of the Mayans.



in the most unexpected corners, one stumbles upon the mute reminders of the founders of the city, while on a tall ridge beyond a confused mass of ruins marks an outlying settlement full of suggestion.

The Toltecs are also believed to have erected the great pyramids, citadel and city of Teotihuacan, a sacred place some twenty-seven miles north of Mexico City. Thus far only two of the large structures have been excavated—the huge pyramid of the Sun, almost as grandiose as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and the so-called Citadel.

The other large pyramid, dedicated to the moon, the Street of the Dead, and the innumerable mounds and terraces, which recall Monte Alban on a small scale, still enfold their mysteries under a verdant robe of growing crops and wild plants.

Chalulu was preeminently the sacred place, and whither pilgrims by the thousands tramped from the farthest corners of the kingdom to worship. At this place stood the most tremendous single monument on this hemisphere, the enormous pyramid, 1,000 by 1,026 by 833 by 1,000 feet square, with a platform on the summit 144 by 293 feet. This was erected in honor of the air god Quetzalcoatl.

In place of this Chalulu temple the Spaniards erected the Church of Our Lady of Help, but they failed to find the pyramid of Papantla, which nature had protected with a dense tropical forest. It was discovered in 1785.

It is only when the magnificent remains of Palenque, Mitla, Uxmal and Chichen-Itza are viewed that one is able to realize how natural it was for Cortez to wish to learn the source whence came the wealth contributory to these extraordinary fabrics.

Time, writes the traveler Riggs, has flung a poisoned robe about the ruins of Uxmal. No water purifies the plain and the ancient cisterns are choked up.

"Even so, we have learned sufficient to know that here stood a Maya city, represented to-day by five architectural groups."

Some of the Marvels

Of a Great Mayan Capital

"Turning eastward, we come at last to the ruins of a great Mayan city variously accounted as both more and less important than Uxmal—Chichen-Itza. It is a location worth a life study, and noxious exhalations drive away either sightseer or special student. Chichen-Itza was named for its builders, the Itza family of the Mayas, and for the two remarkable pools or wells which supplied the people with water, the name meaning "Beside the Wells of the Itzas."

"One is struck by two things as soon as

he has glimpsed the general makeup of this once mighty center. The first is that whatever other ideas of culture these astonishing Mayas possessed, no notion of anything like any modern city entered their heads. Considered from any standpoint, their city was not aligned—at least so far as we can tell now—by any recognizable system of groups or along squares or streets. Taking the location of the water supply in the two great pools into account, the placing of the existing structures seems highly eccentric, especially as orientation was apparently ignored.

"Here again, as at Uxmal, we find one of the principal buildings a great nunnery, full of cells, built apparently at three different periods and most elaborately carved and sculptured in much the same manner as the one already described, with snouts, lattices, rosettes, grotesques, small moldings, &c. This part is so rich and splendid that one is tempted to extravagance in description, especially since we remember that every single stroke of this work was performed with nothing more efficient than the crudest sort of stone hammers and stone chisels, with not a single instrument of precision, with no implements save those chipped out of hard stone."

Obviously these strange and wonderful buildings have roused the wildest curiosity in those who are touched with antiquarian madness, but the fever to know who and what the Mayans were has not yet reached a popular crisis.

Will the expedition, whose main purpose is to locate and file a claim on the mysterious mine—the so-called Mountain of Gold—which is reputed to be the basis of the enormous outlay of treasure spent by the forgotten race in the building of these monuments, a mine that has never gone dry . . . will the finding and bringing back to the riches of the world of this mine reveal other and more tremendous Maya secrets?

Tokio's Broadway

THE Ginza is Tokio's most interesting thoroughfare, though it is just beginning to emerge architecturally. It now suggests the prints of lower Broadway in the late 60s. It has an up to date tramcar line and the first link in the sewerage system of the town is nearing completion. The need of a sewerage system, by the way, is beginning to arouse the Japanese, although it is frowned upon by some of the ancients, who assert that Japan has worried along for a couple of thousand years without one and that there is nothing to worry about. The prevailing sewerage system perpetuates the cesspool idea, which is safeguarded as much as circumstances permit.

Once Haughty Princes Now Butlers Here

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thousands of serfs toiled for the Kalininas. Countess Kalinina's home was a rendezvous of the most "brilliant" Russian society and a meeting place, too, for all who were interested in art or literature.

Now the Countess occupies a modest studio on West Tenth street, where she paints pretty vases and makes wonderful little lace things for those who will buy and thus contribute to the support of her six-year-old son, Cyril. The Count was killed on his Lithuanian estates, to which the family had retired when Kerensky fell.

Those who know the history of the Romanoffs will recall that each Romanoff has been a friend of the head of the Viasevsky family of his generation. From father to heir the Romanoffs passed down this reliance in all times of danger upon the Viasevskys. An early Prince Viasevsky was the principal supporter of Michael Romanoff, who was crowned Czar in 1613, the first of the line of Emperors.

The family is much older than that of

the Romanoffs, dating back to the first legendary knowledge of eastern Europe. For centuries it has owned great gold mines and forests.

The present Prince was an officer in the guards when the Czar was dethroned. He refused to support Kerensky and retired to his estates. Before the Bolsheviks he was forced to flee to America. Here he found it hard to earn a living and was ever unwilling to receive help from the many friends who knew him in Russia or who knew of the power and greatness of the Viasevsky family. He knew English quite well and was a gifted musician. But here was no room for a new music teacher without clientele.

To-day Prince Viasevsky, head of one of the most aristocratic of the old noble families of Russia, formerly one of the most dashing of the guards officers, is traveling dusty roads in the South, where it is not so cold these days, singing his Russian songs and dancing his Russian folk dances for whoever will gather round and contribute to his little store of dollars. He often writes me, too, and always he

ends his letter: "There is too much joy in being alive to worry about want."

And then there is the Princess Anastasia Suvorina, whose father endowed the Russian Theater and gave to Russia its most stately playhouse. Her salon in Petrograd was always open to those who loved the stage and its ideals.

One of the last American guests Princess Anastasia entertained in her salon before the war was Robert W. Chanler, the celebrated American artist. And the first friend she found in New York when she arrived here, penniless and wondering where she was to find the dollar so necessary to a stranger in this country, was this same Robert Chanler. He found her pathetically alone and helpless.

With the little assistance that to a Russian noblewoman means so much Princess Anastasia found the way open to better fortune than has so far favored the others whom I have told about here; but for one who has had her good fortune there are a hundred who were of the Czar's proudest favorites who look to the employment agencies with that same hope they once looked to the Czar for a friendly sign.

PICTURE a mountain of gold. Add to the picture a little group of bandits as the sole possessors of the mountain and its riches. Then view the picture through the haze of centuries that have passed since the tiny armored band of Cortez invaded the Mexico of Montezuma and heard from the Aztecs of a "great gold mountain" which had belonged to the Mayans before them, but of which all trace had even then been lost.

Then it becomes interesting to speculate upon the belief that this ancient gold mine, lost since the time of the Mayans to all except a small group of Mexican bandits who have guarded well their secret, soon is to be rediscovered.

It adds to the interest that it is none other than Mme. Porfirio Diaz, widow of the Mexican dictator, who at her home in New York is preparing to set out on this romantic quest.

In a beautiful but mysterious valley in Mexico which no white man has ever penetrated, it exists, this mountain, and legends concerning it which have never died out since pre-Aztec times have always been current.

Great Statues Were Fashioned Of Most Precious Metal

Whence came the vast supply of the precious metal which enabled the Toltecs (craftsmen) of ancient Mexico to fashion great statues of gold for Montezuma's temples? Gold, it is true, and silver and other metals valuable for industry and science are to be found in many parts of Mexico's strange and mixed soil, but never in such quantities as to prove the truth of these legends.

From the first day of the discovery of this Western continent word of this immense supply of gold, unending, never to be used up, penetrated somehow from the lips of the aborigine to the brain of the Spaniard. The Indians of the islands pointed Columbus and his men to the south and west when they sought to find a trail which led to this inexhaustible source of wealth. These rumors, half caught, led to the subsequent voyages of the discoverer to the Gold Coast of South America.

When Cortez conquered Mexico the same or similar stories of a vast reservoir of the precious metal, always to the west and south, excited the great Spaniard's cupidity. The ordinary sources of gold mines and placer deposits he could see, but these did not account for great platforms and gigantic pyramids wrought all of pure gold.

Now after four centuries of history have passed, wherein the legends have not grown lean but have fattened on various accounts cropping up constantly, there seems to be reason to believe that this

great golden mountain is finally to be dragged out of the obscurity of legend, its situation opened to explorer and adventurer and miner, its inexhaustible wealth to be poured into the world's empty coffers.

Mme. Diaz's unflinching faith in the legends of her country, a woman's courage which springs from instinct rather than cold proof, is the impelling force that may unveil this mysterious gold mine and its fabled or fabulous treasures.

Mme. Diaz, a beautiful and cultivated woman, is well known socially in New York, for besides being a leader, a world leader in society, she is reputed to be a famous administrator and financier. Hard headed business men unaccustomed to taking long, speculative chances cannot escape from the influence of her dominating mind, and however romantic may have seemed to them at first blush the thought of an expedition to find a fabulous mine, source of the unaccountable Mayan wealth, when they learned that Mme. Diaz thought the plan worth while their thoughts took on a different tinge.

Application to Drill Wells Marks Return to Public Life

Mme. Diaz's return to public notice was made in an unpretentious way, through a formal application for a permit to drill oil wells in the Papantla district, Vera Cruz. It was granted, although surprise was aroused that any part of the Diaz fortune had escaped confiscation by the different revolutionary governments that succeeded Diaz. The lands of Diaz and his widow were, however, exempt from revolutionary proceedings. Quietly, unobtrusively she has gone ahead rebuilding the gigantic fortune left by her husband.

At last the critical moment arrived when she saw the time ripe to fulfill her life time dream, the forming of an expedition to find and work the gold mine par excellence of Montezuma. In this effort she has had the sympathy of President Obregon, who, whatever he may expect from the adventure, has put no obstacle in the way of the proposed expedition.

When the Aztec hordes poured down from the north to conquer the whole peninsula they first met and battled with the aboriginal inhabitants, the Mayans, at a spot in what is now the southwestern part of the State of Chihuahua, where they built the cave city of Chihuahua.

Step by step the routed Mayans retreated south and east toward the coast, carrying with them remnants hastily saved of their so-called civilization. But ere they deserted their homes they sought to dry up the sources of their wealth. The Aztecs inherited all these but the secret of one mine—the greatest of all.

In Yucatan the Mayans found a temporary refuge. There they built new platforms and new temples, but no longer of